

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Spanish Love Stratagem.

HOW ingenious is love? how many are the resources it has for uniting two hearts smitten with each other, notwithstanding all cross accidents, opposing obstacles! If any should doubt of this truth, the following adventure will afford ample proof of it.

A number of strangers, composed chiefly of very amiable women, arrived at an inn of the city of Lucca. As they entered, a man was going out, whom they fancied by his garb to be a physician. They found themselves not mistaken, overhearing his conversation with the mistress of the house. I cannot yet discover, said he to her, whether this girl be mad, or possessed with the devil, but I think she is both; yet, notwithstanding her mad freaks, and the demon that has taken possession of her, I believe I should cure her, if her uncle, in too much haste to continue his journey, was to give me time to effect a cure, of such importance.

What is this? said the strangers; we can never lodge in a house that entertains mad people. Let not your ladyships be alarmed, answered the hostess. Believe me, remain here, and you will see, without the least danger, what the curious would come a hundred leagues to see, if they had any knowledge of what is transacting in my house.

The strangers hereupon came to a resolution among themselves to stay, and asked what were those extraordinary things they were desired to expect.

Follow me, said the hostess, addressing herself to the women, and you will be able to judge of the matter yourselves.

They stepped with her into a chamber, where there was a bed sumptuously adorned. There they saw lying a beautiful girl, of the age, as it seemed, between sixteen and seventeen. Her arms were tied down to the bolster of the bed. Two women, that served as attendants to her were busy in keeping her legs also fast bound to the bed, and she was earnest in entreating them to desist, because modesty would deter her

from being guilty of the least indecency. Then turning suddenly to the strangers. O ye, said she to them, that are undoubtedly angels incarnate, and perhaps are come down from heaven to restore my health to me, I conjure you, pure intelligences, by the power you are commissioned with from our common Creator to command these material substances, who have bound me, to set me free this instant. All I want is to bite four or five times my arms, and then I shall be satisfied, and made incapable of doing the least mischief.

Poor neice, cried an old gentleman, who had just entered the room, my dear Isabella! recommend thyself to God for recovering thy senses, from whom thou hast received them, and, far from coveting to devour thy delicate flesh, eat of that which thy uncle, who loves thee tenderly, would fain present thee. Speak! tell thy wants. We are rich enough to enable me to satisfy thy appetite with the most exquisite produce of the earth and waters.

I want nothing but rest, replied the young lady. Let these angels be left with me. Their presence may chase from me the demon I am possessed with! for surely, he cannot abide in such company.

The old gentleman went out, and every one with him, except the strangers.

When Isabella saw herself alone with them she prayed them to look about if any one remained in the chamber that might hear them. They assured her there was no one. Then she sat up as well as she could, and shewed a desire to explain herself. She opened her mouth; but, instead of words, nothing found vent but sighs, and these with so much vehemence, that it was thought she was going to breathe her last. This, however, was succeeded with so great a dejection of spirits, and such weakness, that she fainted away on her bed.

The women called out for help, and the uncle ran in, holding in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a brush dipped in water. Two friars came in likewise, who, fully persuaded that the devils were tormenting Isabella, promised to plunge them back again into hell's abyss.

Isabella, recovering from her fainting fit, and viewing the whole apparatus of exorcism: "Good Sirs," said she to them,

"your endeavours are to no purpose. You cannot compel me to quit this place. I will not leave it, but when I please; and this shall not be till Don Lewis Nurillo comes, who was born in this city, who now is student in the University of Salamanca, and quite regardless of what is passing at Lucca."

This speech helped to confirm those that heard her in the opinion, that Isabella was really possessed by a evil spirit; for how otherwise could she know, that, in a city, she was never in before, there was a family of the name of Nurillo.

From such inconceivable knowledge it was evidently concluded that the devil spoke by her mouth. Full of this notion, the two friars exerted themselves to deliver Isabella. But their citations of the spirit were fruitless. The devil would not quit his hold.

Isabella, who had her reasons for not getting rid of him, prayed the exorcists to defer their good offices till another time, and to withdraw; which they did, together with the old gentleman.

The doors were but a gain. The beautiful sick lady, being satisfied she could speak without fear, said to the women who remained in the chamber, "The first thing I require of you, is to disincumber me of the embarrassment I am under; for, though these bandages are not over tight, they still incommode and hinder me, from conversing with you at my ease."

On a request made with so much good sense, she was unloosed. Isabella sat up in her bed, and desired the ladies to draw near, and even seat themselves on the bed. She then took each of them familiarly by the hand, and spoke to them as follows:

"Very probably, ladies, you take me for what I am not; and my extravagance might authorise your opinion as well grounded. But be not prejudiced, I beseech you, and believe that the demons have no share in the character I here assume. My name is Isabella Castrucio, and, though of very noble and opulent parents, who sometimes praised heaven for granting me some beauty, I am the most unhappy person in the world."

"My father and mother were originally of Capua, in the kingdom of Naples, and I was born at Madrid. Having lost them early in life, I was brought up in my

uncle's house, the old gentleman you have seen, who has long resided at court. But alas! why should I go so far back with the history of my misfortunes? Let us pass to their principal cause.

"A young cavalier came to court, when I was with my uncle. I saw him for the first time at church. He fixed my whole attention. I could not help entertaining for him very tender sentiments, which no other had inspired me with. You may blame me, perhaps, for not having made myself mistress of my first emotions. I accuse myself of it—but, young as I was, and without any experience of love, how could I make resistance against an object which presented itself, with all the graces that nature could endow it with?—In short, I loved him, I saw him a second time at the same place, and my love received an additional increase. I lost no time in getting information of his birth, qualities, and his occupation at court. I learned that his name was Don Lewis Nurillo, son of Don John Nurillo, one of the most ancient senators of the Republic of Lucca; but, at the same time, indifferently provided with the goods of fortune;—that his morals were without blemish, and that he was going to perfect his studies at Salamanca.

"Being afraid of his leaving Madrid, before I had an opportunity of conversing with him, I found means to have intimated to him my sentiments in his favour. He was told of my great riches, and how highly I was prized for beauty. He was also told that my uncle, in quality of guardian, was intent on obliging me to marry one of my relations, that my fortune might not go out of my father's family; but that I had an invincible aversion to that marriage. He was given to understand, that it depended on him to avail himself of my inclination for him, to retrieve the circumstances of his family, and, if the match suited him, measures would be concerted for introducing him to me.

"His answer, at first, was not so favourable as I wished. He was not unacquainted, he said, with my fortune or great beauty; he had seen me several times, and, being prepossessed with the strongest inclinations for me, had informed himself who I was, to judge if he could reasonably devote himself to that inclination, or stop short its progress. He had learned, that if our conditions of birth were equal, I had the advantage of a fortune superior to his; and, since that eclatissement, he had used continual efforts to conquer an affection, which reason did not permit he should suffer to take root in his heart.

"The person who was my agent in this affair, returning to the charge, destroyed all his scruples, and, exhorting him to prefer the counsels of love to those of reason, disposed him without difficulty, to see me. We facilitated the means a few days after.

"I need not proceed to the detail of our conversation. Nurillo assured me, that, regardless of the consideration of my fortune, he felt for me the heat of a fire that could not be extinguished, and should be ever grateful for the permission I granted him to love me. He conjured me not to yield to the seductive speeches of my uncle.

He promised to help me to divert him from his purpose, in regard to my being married to my kinsman, as soon as he should return from Salamanca, where he was under the necessity of going for a short time.

"I assured him also on my part, that, as it was not the nature of my sentiments to admit of birth and death in an instant, I would oppose, during his absence, every enterprise against my own will.

"We afterwards separated, and I saw him shed tears when he passed under my balcony, the day he left Madrid. I knew by these tears, that he departed without quitting me, and I felt, by a certain emotion, that I followed him, without quitting the place I was in.

"But to what reverse of fortune are not the wretches exposed, whom her caprice is to persecute? The day after Nurillo's departure, my uncle informed me, that he had just taken leave of the king, being charged by him with a commission to the court of Naples, which required his setting out as soon as possible. He recommended to me to make preparations for accompanying him the next day. I had no occasion to counterfeit sickness, to oblige him to defer our departure. The news so alarmed me, that I was instantly seized with a fever, attended with a delirium, which gave my uncle great uneasiness.

"Thanks, however, to the goodness of my constitution, no ill consequences ensued. Still was I obliged to yield to my uncle's will. He did not cease telling me that my sickness was only the effect of my repugnance to the marriage he had proposed to me, and that I should be cured of it, as soon as I had seen the person he had destined for my husband.

"I pretended I should be glad of a few hours repose, and availed myself of this respite, to write to Nurillo, and inform him of what had passed. I let him know that I could not help taking a journey to Italy;—that, when we should be beyond the Alps, I would persuade my uncle to take the road to Capua, through Lucca;—that I would feign in this city to be suddenly possessed with evil spirits, to give him, by that feint, time to return from Salamanca;—that, in spite of my guardian, and the whole world, I would make him my husband, if his design was still to be so;—and that I should judge of his tenderness for me by his diligence in repairing to Lucca, that I might acquit myself of the part I intended to act on his account.

"When I had written my letter, I commissioned a faithful messenger to deliver it to him, and I am persuaded that Nurillo received it as soon as he arrived at Salamanca. I have been now here three days, exorcised as if I were possessed with a legion of devils; but I assure you there is no other than love, a sweet, yet terrible devil, who will cease tormenting me, the moment Nurillo comes to exorcise me himself.

"This, ladies, is my history, and I should be infinitely obliged to you to assist me in my innocent imposture, by engaging my uncle not to go hence till the devils are expelled. Perhaps a delay of some days will be sufficient to give Nurillo time to arrive, and enable him to deliver me out of my

persecutor's hands, and put me into a condition of thanking you for your good offices."

When Isabella had put an end to her story, those who heard it, surprised at its novelty, could not help laughing heartily with her at the stratagem, and all promised, as far as they could, to promote its success.

She still set all her engines at work to confirm her uncle and the physician in the opinion of her being possessed. Her new friends also endeavoured to persuade them, that none but demons could speak by her mouth, things which she had no knowledge of before her arrival at Lucca.

[To be concluded in our next.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Despondent, No. 1.

MY morning of life shone with unclouded effulgence. Tip-toe joy, and high enrapturing anticipations of unaltered felicity, danced in beatific visions before my creative fancy. No sable clouds lowered over my exultant youth—no scowling tempests, with ominous forebodings, croaked despair at my window—no bodily or mental anguish announced my liability to pay the full contingent of calamity levied on suffering humanity. All was festivity, animation and glee! Ah! fatal reverse of fortune! The mantling cup, sparkling with joy, which I then quaffed, innocently gay, is now surcharged with wormwood and gall. The place where a profusion of vernal blossoms diffused their odours, and displayed their vivid luxuriance, to regale the senses, and delight the imagination, the "deadly night-shade" now renders baneful to the sight. Hope, radiant hope, which cheers, encourages and vivifies even the insulated being, plunged into the deepest recesses of the benighted dungeon, but faintly glimmers in my breast, and "is on the point of being extinct for ever!"

Had ordinary calamities chastised by degrees my too sanguine heart—had disease closed her pale curtains round my pillow, and in gentle monitions, whispered those salutary truths that lead to wisdom—then perhaps I might have sustained the ponderous weight of affliction, which now, like the minutest insect under the weight of the elephant, presses me to the earth. Unhappily by adversity, and impelled forward by the full tide of health, prosperity, and an exhaustless flow of animal spirits, I halted not until assailed by a shock too potent for such a one to withstand. The splendid visions suddenly disappeared—the fascinating chimeras glittered and passed away, and a long night of tumultuous despondence descended upon my soul.

Sensations too agonizing for memory to dwell upon, in wild uproar, roll their congregated billows upon me. Perhaps I may, ere long, disclose the fatal cause of the shipwreck of my hopes and happiness in a future communication.

ALONZO.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

A Gentleman was lately married in York, (England) who had accomplished a pedestrian journey of 8736 miles, in visiting the object of his affections. The lady, it seems, lived at the distance of a mile from her admirer, who constantly paid her a visit three times a week, for fourteen years!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

—IT is now winter, the weather is frequently cold and uncomfortable, the days short, and the evenings long. This produces the warm fire side, the quaffing hours, and the social converse; the joys which spring from mutual friendship, from merry meetings, from sprightly hilarity, convulsive laughter, from music that charms, impels, and mellorates the passions; and from the serious contemplative pleasures that mark the manners of the wise and grave.—"In this season old gossips nestle round the fire, and pull down reputations better than their own. The young ones too, vent their spleen against each luckless lass that bears the prize of beauty and of grace. Up starts the ready lie, and, though false and black as Erebus, finds a passage quick, and gains the general sanction"—*Ergo*.

The Story of the Three Black Crows:

TALK—that will raise the question, I suppose, What can the meaning be of three black crows? It is a London story you must know, And happen'd, as they say, some time ago. The meaning of it Custom would suppress, Till at the end—but come, nevertheless, Though it may vary from the use of old, To tell the moral till the tale be told, We'll give a hint, for once, how to apply The meaning first—and hang the tale thereby.— People, full oft, are put into a pother, For want of understanding one another; And strange, amusing stories creep about, That comes to nothing, if you trace them out; Lies of the day, or month perhaps, or year, That serve their purpose, and then disappear: From which, meanwhile, disputes of ev'ry size, That is to say, *misunderstandings* rise; The flyings of ill, from bick'ring up to battle, From wars and tumults down to tittle tattle, Such as, for instance, for we need not roam Far off to find them, but come nearer home; Such as befall by sudden misdivining, On cuts, on coats, on boxes, and on signing, Or (may good sense avert such hasty ills, From this foundation, *this assembly*) *mills*; It may, at least it should, correct a zeal, That hurries the public, or the public weal, By eager giving of too rash assent, To note, how meanings that were never meant, Will fly about like so many black crows, Of that same breed of which the story goes.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand, One took the other briskly by the hand; Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this, About the crows!—I don't know what it is, Replied his friend—No! I'm surpris'd at that Where I come from it is the common chat; But you shall hear! an odd affair indeed! And that it happen'd they are all agreed. Not to detain you from a thing so strange, A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Cange, This week, in short, as all the *alley* knows, Taking a poke, has thrown up *three black crows*, Impossible!—Nay but it's really true; I have it from good hands, and so may you— From whose, I pray?—So having nam'd the man, Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran. Sir, did you tell—related the affair— Yes, Sir I did; and if it's worth your care, Ask Mr. such-a-one, he told it me, But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows not *three*.

Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event, Whip, to third, the virtuoso went, Sir,—and so forth—Why yes; the thing is fact, 'No' in regard to number not exact: It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*, The truth of *that* you may depend upon. The gentleman himself told me the case— Where may I find him?—Why in such a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out, Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt— Then to his last informant he refer'd, And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard; Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?—NOT I— Bless me! how people propagate a lie! Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two and one*; And here, I find, all comes, at last to *none*! Did you say *nothing* of a crow at all? Crow—Crow—perhaps I might, now I recall The matter over—And, pray Sir, what was't? Why I was *bor'd* sick, and at last, I did throw up, and told my neighbour so, Something that was—as *black*, Sir, as a crow.

THE COUNT DE PELZER.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

THE Count de Pelzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of an aged widow. He was finely made, brave to an excess, and desperately in love with Mademoiselle de Benskon. She was in her eighteenth year; gentle, beautiful, and endowed with extreme sensibility.—Her lover, at the triumphant age of twenty one, was as much loved as his mistress was admired, and the day was fixed to crown their happiness, by their nuptials. It was the 20th of June, 1770. The Prussian troops are always ready to enter upon a campaign; and on the 17th of June, at ten at night, the regiment of the Count received orders to set out at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a castle within four leagues of that city. He therefore was obliged to depart without seeing her, and wrote her a letter from the first place where he stopped, in which he declared it was impossible for him to live without her, and requesting that she would follow him without delay, that their marriage might be celebrated at Silesia. The officer wrote also to the brother of the young lady, who was his most intimate friend, to intercede with her parents in his behalf.

The young lady set out, accompanied by her brother, and the mother of her lover. Never did time seem so slow as to this charming girl; but the journey was at length over, and they arrived at the city of Berstadt. It was morning; and—"Never," said the brother "did my eyes behold a finer woman than my sister: the exercise of the journey had given a fresh bloom to her complexion, and her eyes were mirrors which reflected what was passing in her heart."

But, oh! how deceitful are the hopes of mortals! How often does the moment of felicity touch the moment of misfortune!—The carriage is stopped in the street, to let some soldiers pass, who were advancing with slow steps, carrying in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady is affected by the sight. Little did she expect that it was her lover. Some Austrian soldiers had advanced close to the city, and the young Count went out to quell them. Burning with desire to distinguish himself, he darted forward before his troops, and fell a victim to his unfortunate impetuosity.

To paint the situation of this unhappy girl, would be to insult the heart and imagination of every reader of sensibility.—Her lover is placed on his bed, his mother at his feet, his mistress holding his hand.

"Oh! Charlotte!" he exclaimed, opening his dying eyes. He made an effort to speak more, but his voice failed him, and he burst into tears. His accents had pierced his mistress to the soul: she lost her reason!!—"No!—I will not survive you!" said she, snatching his sword. It is taken from her, and the dying officer makes a sign with his hand for her to approach him. He pressed her close in his arms, and after two painful efforts to speak, he said, with a convulsive sigh—"Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother!" and instantly expired.

In the troop which made this sortie so fatal to the young lover, there was only two men wounded, and he was the only person killed. When I passed thro' Berlin in 1779, the young lady had not been restored to her reason.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SONNET TO MARIA,

ON HER ADDRESS TO MR. NEAL.

WHAT melody of sounds delight mine ear!
How sweet some daughter of the muses sings!
When this unknown Maria tunes the strings,
What harmony of numbers do I hear.

Say lovely favorite of fancy! say,
What pow'rs propitious smil'd upon thy birth?
Deign to disclose what region of the earth,
First, on thy genius beam'd poetic day.

O! condescend to tell a stranger where,
Is thy resort, or blissful residence:
Oh! let him share a portion of thy sense,
To chaunt the praises of the rising Fair—
Thrice blest were I, could I but find thy cell.
Where taste and science, youth and beauty dwell!
AMYNTOR.

ANECDOTES.

A Dutchman once asked a gentleman, "if he vush to pay *all* the tickets in de lottery, he would not draw the *biggest prize*."

A gentleman once coming up to a large crowd, asked an Irishman, what was the matter?—"Nothing at all at all," cried he, "they are only *forcing* a man to turn *volunteer*."

A country parson, used frequently to pray for good harvests, rain, &c. was requested by one of his congregation to pray for *clear weather*—"I would willing do it to oblige you," answered the parson, "but it will be to *no purpose* while the *wind comes from that quarter*."

Three Irishmen having found *four* apples, consulted together how to divide them—one, at length, wiser than the rest, undertook it, and divided them in the following *equal* manner—"Here's *two* for you *two*, and here's *two* for me *too*."

INVENTIVE GENIUS.

A Projector at Hamburgh lately made proposals to the magistracy, for their patronage, to enable him to carry into effect, a machine which he had invented to fix in houses, &c. to give notice of the approach of thieves. It was not only infallible in waking any person asleep, but would at the same time ring a bell, strike a light, or, if required, fire a gun, without any necessity for the family getting out of bed. Nothing, according to the inventor, could equal the simplicity of its construction. But notwithstanding that he warned the public to beware of counterfeits, a rival in ways and means asserted, that he had also a machine that would not only perform every thing in common with the former, "but even apprehend and carry the thief before a magistrate, without giving the person robbed any farther trouble."

ON KISSING

And if it were not lawful, the lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious, the clergy would not chuse it;
And if it were not a dainty thing, the gentry would not crave it;
And if it were not a plentiful thing, we poor girls could not have it.

ON TOBACCO.

A PARODY, BY A SAILOR.

And if it was't lawful, the lawyers would not use it;
And if it was't pleasant, the parsons would not chuse it;
And if it was't a dainty thing, the gentry would not crave it;
And if it was't a plentiful thing, we poor dogs could not have it.

POETRY.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Imitation of Horace.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

THE man whose actions virtue sways,
Whose life her precepts still displays,
Who on his GOD relies;
Serene beholds the dashing waves,
The furious storm undaunted braves,
And all its power defies.

Tho' earthquakes cleave the gaping ground,
Tho' forked lightnings gleam around,
And thunders rend the pole;
Nay, even in the pangs of death,
Serenely he resigns his birth,
And keeps unmoved his soul.

CHAMONT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

Ye little warblers of the grove,
Forbear your am'rous strains;
For he whose voice was tun'd to love,
Has fled to distant plains.

In vain your softest notes unite,
Sweet comfort to restore;
Nought can yield this heart delight,
If he returns no more.

In pity cease those tender lays,
Your melting strains forbear;
Then bring to mind the happy days,
When Edwin woo'd his fair.

Your Music then had charms indeed;
While oft with him I stray'd,
Across the green enamell'd mead;
Or cool'd beneath the shade.

But now with him I stray,
Those happy days are o'er;
Lonely I tread the silent way,
And Edwin's loss deplore.

Then let your songs in silence rest,
Your softest notes restrain;
Till joy returns to Emma's breast,
And Edwin grace the plain.

THE AFRICAN.

WIDE over tremulous sea,
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night;

On the fore-castle Maraton stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs past unheard on the gale:—

"Ah! Wretch?" in wild anguish, he cry'd,
"From country and liberty torn!
Ah, Maraton, would thou hast dy'd,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.

Thro' the groves of Angolal stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
For I talk'd with my favorite maid,
Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter spring,
My cries echoed loud thro' the air;
There was fury and wail on his tongue,
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

Accursed be the merciless band,
That his love could from Maraton tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was sever'd from all I held dear,

Flow ye tears—down my cheeks ever flow;
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrow of woe,
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But hark! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear;
And mournful beneath the wan light,
I see her lov'd image appear.

How o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave!
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from his grave.

"O Maraton! haste thee," she cries,
"Here the reign oppression is o'er;
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more."

Now sinking amid the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade to my view:
O! stay thee—my Adila stay!
She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow the white-man in vain
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the BRAVE!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

STANZAS TO HOPE.

SWEET hope, thou noblest blessing giv'n,
To mortals by indulgent heav'n,
To make this vale of sorrow free,
From rueful sad despondency.

'Tis thou alone can't give to bear,
Whatever part of life we share;
And since more woe than bliss we find,
Come take possession of my mind;
Thy cordial to my breast impart,
And fill with life my fainting heart.

When as throw thorny ways I tread,
Where all earth's pointed pains are spread;
Be thou my solace in distress,
And bear me thro' the wilderness.
Where'er I am when vigor fails,
And trouble every sense assails,
Be present to uphold my mind,
And let me feel the influence kind;
And when the haggard hand of death
Shall rise to view, and snatch my breath;
When worldly scenes shall disappear,
Be thou my friend and guardian near;
Light up thy torch to point my way
To bliss beyond the solar ray.
In regions of eternal day.

EUGENIUS.

THE BUTCHER AND HIS WIFE.

A Butcher on his death-bed laid,
Thus to his weeping consort said:
My dear, nay priuher, dry thy tears,
A man you'll want in your affairs;
There's James, a sober, honest lad,
You know him well—I should be glad

You would him for a second take,
A better choice you'll hardly make—
Alas! reply'd the sobbing dame,
I just was thinking of the same.

Among the scenes, some tragic, some romantic, interspersed through Fingal, Temora, &c. no one story perhaps is to be found, so affecting as an episode which appears in the same collection, among the Songs of Selma. Daurra, the daughter of Amin, has been treacherously conveyed to a rock, insulated by the sea, where she can by no means be relieved, the only boat which the coast afforded, having just been lost, with her brother in it, who had hastily, without an oar, darted from the beach to assist her. And thus her father describes her fate, and his own wretchedness.

"ALONE, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter 'was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries, nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind, and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired, and left her father alone. When the storms of the mountain come, the north wind lifts the waves on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look at the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference. Will none of you speak in pity? They do no, re, and their father."

CONTROVERSY.

"Up starts one casuist, declaring his sentiments upon the affairs of the nation, and positively asserts that his opinion is right; then he is knocked down by another, of quite a different sentiment, and who as positively lays in his claim for the right side of the argument; then another condemns them both, and produces fresh matter; then another, and another, all different, and all right; till, at last, neither they, nor no body else, can tell, what in the name of patience, and good company they have been about!"

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

WE never think, nor say, that knowledge of the world makes a man more virtuous; it renders him more prudent, but generally at the expence of his virtue. Knowledge of the world implies skill in discerning characters, with the arts of intrigue, low cunning, self-interest, and other mean motives, that influence what are called men of the world. Men of genius are commonly of a simple character; their thoughts are occupied in objects very remote from the little arts of men of the world.

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK MANUSCRIPT.

Close to the dizzy edge
Of Crissa's cliff, that overhangs its base,
On hands and knees the giddy babe had crept:
Lysippe saw—with agony too great
To speak—feeling as mother's feel, she stood
All motionless with grief—what could she dare!
To stir was death, and not to stir—Great God!
Sure 'twas herself, who didst into her soul
Inspire the sudden thought—she baid her breast,
Still motionless with hope—the well known fear
Caught the child's eye—Lysippe softly step'd,
And seized her boy.—Still Nature's softest food
Thou art a mother's bribe to save her babe.